HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

& Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Be queathed by an Old Mexican Indian to His Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

TO HE CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVII S CHUSE OF ZIBALDAY

enough was I to rise from I, feeling my life whole in

as been near to us," said the something between a sob nto the guard house.

we were in the door was rs, leaving us alone. Zibal-imself down, but the rest of hay so timself down, but the rest of na stood breether near the door listening to the turmoil of the multitude, without, Clearly argument ran high among them, for we could hear the sound of a gry voices, of shouting.

"You have saved our lives for awhile, for which we owe you thanks," said the senor to Maxa presently, "but tell us, what will they do with us now?"

"I cannot say," she answered, "but in this puramid are chambers where we shall be hilden away until our day of trial. At the least I think so, for they dare not led us out among the people, lest

dare not let us out among the people, lest we should cause a tumult in the city." Before the words had left her lips the

door was opened, and through it came Tikel, Mattai, and other of the great lords that were hostile to Zibalbay. "What would you now of us, traitor?"

meked Zibulbay.
"That you should follow me," answered Tikal sternly. "You and the others," and, with a low bow to Maya, "Forgive me, lady, that I must exercise this violence toward you and your father, but I have no other choice if I would save you from the vengeance of the neonle."

It is not the vengeance of the peo-"It is not the vengeance of the peo-ple that we have to fear, Tikal," she an-swered quietly, "but rather your hate." "Which it is in your power to ap-pease, lady," he said in a low voice. "It may be in my power, but it is not in my will," she answered, setting her

in my will," she answered, setting her lips, "Come, cousin, take us to the dungeon that you have prepared for

As you wish," he said, "Follow me," and he led the way across the guard house, through a sleeping chamber of the priests that was behind it, to the er wall that was hidden by a cur This curtain on being drawn revealed

a small stone door, beyond which lay a flight of steps and then came a gate of

comper burs.

Presently it had clanged behind us, and we stood in a vast apartment or hall that was built in the heart of the pyramid.
This hall had been made ready for

our coming, for it was lighted with many silver lamps, and in one part of it rugs were laid, and on them stood tables and seats.

tables and seats.

For awhile we stood staring at each other in silence. It was Zibalbay who broke it, and his voice rang strangely

in the vaulted place.
"It is his hour now," he said, shaking his fists toward the stair by which Tikal had left us, "but let him pray that mine may never come," and he suddenly turned, and, walking to a couch, flung himself upon it and buried his face in stays followed him, and, bending

down, strove to comfort him, but he waved her away and she came back to

us, "This is a gloomy place," said the

our bones till the world's end, for th those gates and the men that

"What must be must be," answered the sense with a sigh, "but for my part. I hope that the worst is past and that they will not kill us. It was your father's rathness brought these evils on us, and perhaps misfortune may teach him wisdom." she answered, shaking her

head, "for they are right. On this mat-ter he is mad, as you, Ignatio, are mad also. Come, let us look at our prison, for I have never seen it till this hour, and, taking one of the hand lamps that stoot near, she walked down the length of the hall. At its further end were of the hall. At its further end were gates similar to those by which we had entered, and through them came a draught of air.

"Where do they lead?" I asked, "I do not know," she answered; "perhaps to the sinetuary by a secret way. The pyramid is full of these chambers that in old days were used for many things, such as the storage of corn and weapons and the burying places of priests, thousands of whom are at rest within it. Now they are empty and de-

As we walked back again I stopped before a wooden door leading into one of the chambers of which I have spoken,

of the charmers of which I have spoken, that stood ajar.

"Let us go in," said Maya, pushing it open, and we entered to find ourselves in a small room lined with shelves packed, some of them with yellow and some with white bars of metal.

"Copper and lead," said the senor,

glancing at them. "Not so," answered Maya with a laugh, "but that which you white men covet, rold and silver. Look what is painted above the shelves," and she

held up the lamp and read: "Pure me al from the southern mines, set neart for the service of the Temple of the Heart, and of the temples of the cast and west. Of gold—such a weight; of silver—such a weight." I stared and my eyes grew greedy, for here in this one room, neglected and forgotten, was enough wealth to carry out my purpose three times of stored there by the forefathers of

strange rust-eaten race. Ah! if only I could see on half of it safe across the how great might be my ture and that of the people which I

"Perhaps you will win it after all, Ignatio," said Maya, interpreting my thoughts, "but to be frank, I fear that you will gain nothing except a sepulchre in these gloomy vaults.

After this we visited several cham-bers that were empty, or filled only with the wreck of moth-caten tapestries and curious furniture, till at length we came to a room, or rather a large cumboard, piled from floor to celling with goiden vessels of the most quaint and ancient workmanship, which had been discarded by the priests and

cast aside as worthless; why, I do not know. In front of this gleaming pictood a chest, unlocked, that the senor opened. It was packed with priestly ornaments of gold set with great eneralds. Maya picked out a belt from the box and gave it to me, saying:

"Take it, Ignatio, since you low such trinkets. It will set off that robe of source."

I took it and put it on, not over my robe, but beneath it.
Wearied at length by the sight of so much treasure we returned to Zibalbay, who was seated as we left him, lost in thought. lost in thought.

lost in thought.

I think it must have been in the carly afternoon of the day following that on which we were imprisoned that Tikal visited us, accompanied only by four

"A small band," said the senor, as he watched them advance, "but enough to put us to death who are unarmed—for all our weapons had been taken from

us—if such should be their will."
"Have no fear, friend," said Maya.
"they will not do murder so openly."
By now Tikal stood before us bowing, and Zibalbay, who as usual was seated brooding at the table, looked up and saw him. "What do you seek, traitor?" he asked, angrily, the blood flushing beneath his withered skim. "Would you kill us? If so, slay on, for thus shall I come the sooner to the bosom of that God whose vengeance I call down upon you." call down upon you."

call down upon you."

"I am no murderer, Zibalbay," answered Tikal with dignity. "If you die it will be by the command of the law that you have broken and not by mine. I am here to speak with you, if you will

come apart with me."

"Then speak on before these others or leave your words unsaid." he answered, "for not one step will I stir

with you, who doubtless seek some op-portunity to stab me in the back."

"Yet it is important that you should hear what I have to say, Zibalbay."

"Say on, then, traitor, or go."

Now Tikal thought for awhile, look-ing doubtfully at Maya form where ing doubtfully at Maya, from whose fair face indeed he rarely took his eyes. "Is it your wish that I should with-

"Its it your wish that I should with-draw?" she asked, shortly.

"It is not mine," said Zibalbay, "stay where you are, daughter."

"Listen, Zibalbay," said Tikal, "yesterday before the gathering on the pyramid I saw your daughter, the lady Maya, and spoke with her, telling her that now as always I loved her, although believing her to be dead, I had for reasons of the state taken another woman to be my wife. Then I other woman to be my wife. Then I made her this offer: that if she would consent to become my wife. I would put away Nahua, whom I had married. Moreover I added this, that I would give not the property of the state of the stat Zibalbay, whose it is by right, to hold for so long as you should live, and would not oppose you or your policy in any matter. I told her, on the other hand, that if she refused to become my wife I would surrender nothing, but would nut out my strength to creak would put out my strength to crush you and her, and these strangers, your friends.

"She answered me with contempt, She answered me with contempt, saying that I might do my worst, but she would have naught to say to me. What happened afterward you know, Zibalbay, and you know also the danger in which you stand to-day, now that power has left you and your very life trembles in the balance."

He paused, and Zibalbay, who had been listening to his words amazed,

turned to Maya and said sternly: "Does this man lie, daughter?" As she was about to answer, though what she meant to say I do not know, Tikal broke in:

offer I made to her, and, that "This is a gloomy place," said the senor in a half whisper, for here one searcely dared to speak loud because of the celeses that ran about the walls, "but dark though it is, it seems safer than the summit of the pyramid, where swerd points are so many," and he pointed to a little cut upon his throat.

"It is safe enough," Maya answered, with a litter laugh, "and safely will it keen our bones till the world's end, for said:

suid:
"I thank thee, O God, who, in anthrough those gates and the men that guard them there's no escape, and the death that threatened us in the sun-ball creatable us in the shadow." best me. Fikal, it shall be as you

spoken." Be exclaimed. "Why, what should she say?"

"What I said to my Cousin Tikal yesterday." she answered, setting her lins and specified very low; "that I will have not hing to do with him."

"Nothing to do with him."

"Nothing to do with him." be's your affineed; you do not understand."

"I understand well, father, but for

"I understand well, father, but for anaght that can be offered to me upon the earth will I give myself in marriage to a man who has treated you and me as my Cousin Tikal has done, a tann who could not keep his oath to you or wait for me one sincle year."

wait for me one single year."
"Cense to be foolish," said Zibalbay.
"Tikal has erred, no doubt, but now he would make atonement for his error. and if I can forgive him so can you. Think no more of the girl's folly, Tikal, but send for ink and parehment and let us set down our contract."

"I have the paper here, lord," said Tikal, drawing a roll from his breast, but, pardon me, does the Lady Maya

Ay, ay, she consents." "I do not consent, father, and if you ling me to the altar with yonder man will ery out to the people to protect ac. or, falling their aid. I will seek of use in death by my own hand if

Zibalbay turned upon his dampater, trembling with rage, checking himself of a sudden, said;

Tikal, for a moment this girl of mine is said; leave us and come back in some few mours, when you shall find her of another mind. Go now, I pray, before words are said that cannot be

Tikal turned and went, and until the ates at the far end of the hall had gates at the far end of the hall had clashed behind him and his guards there was silence. Then Zibalbay spoke to his daughter. "Girl," he said, "I know your heart, and that your lips spoke a lie when you told us that it was because of Tilen's forgations of his way and treat the

forgetfulness of his vow and troth that you will not marry him. There is another reason of which you have not oken. This white man is the reason, on have suffered yourself to look on him with longing, and you cannot pluck his image from your breast. Do I not speak truth?"
"You speak truth, father," she answered, placing her hand in that of the

I will not lie."
I will not lie."
I his you, daughter. Now, hear no and what are you that your

whims should stand between me and whims should stand between me and the fulfillment of my life-long desire, between your people and their redemp-tion? Must all these things come to nothing because of the fancies of a love-sick girl, whose poor beauty, as it changes by favor of the gods, can avail to bring them about?"

"It seems so, father," she said.
"Everything else you, who are my father, may require of me, even to my life, but my honor is my own."

"What shall I say to this headstrong girl?" grapped Zibalbar. "Speed white

girl?" gisped Zibalbay. "Speak, white man, and say that you renounce her, for surely your heart is not so wicked that it will lend you to consent to this folly, and to your own undoing, to stand between her and her destiny." Now all eyes were fixed much the Now all eyes were fixed upon the

and all eyes were axed upon the senor, who turned pale in the lamp-light and answered slowly: "Zibalbay, I grieve to vex you, but your daughter's destiny and mine are one, nor can I command her to forsake me and give herself in marriage to a man she bates."

man she hates." "Yet it seems that you could com-mand her to break her plighted troth for your sake, oh, most honorable white said Zibalbay with a bitter

laugh.
"Hearken, friend Ignatio, for you at

least are not in love, tell your brother there and this rebellious girl which way their duty lies."
"Zibaibay," I said. "I cannot plead your cause and mine, though not to do so be our destruction, seeing that I have sworn that come what may I will not stand between these two. To-day, for the second time in my life, my plans are brought to nothing by the passion of a woman. Well, so it is fated, and so let it be."

Zibalbay did not answer me, but,

turning to the senor, said:
"Will you still cling to your purpose white man, and take advantage of my daughter's madness? If so, know that your triumph shall be short, for when, in some few hours, Tikal comes again, I will tell him all and give you over to his kee, sing to deal with as he wishes.

his kee, sing to deal with as he wishes.

Answer, then, and for the last time.
Do you choose life or death?"

"I choose death," he answered, boldly, "if the price of life be the breaking
of my troth and the surrender of my
bride to another man. If Ignatio here
cannot forget his oath, how much less
can I forget mine which I have sworn
with this lady? Therefore, till the
Lady Maya renounces me, for goon or Lady Maya renounces me, for goon evil, in death or in life, I will cleave to

her."
"And in death or in life I will cleave
"Take such to you, beloved," she said. "Take such vengeance as you wish upon us, my father, yes, if you wish, give over this man to whom my heart drew me across the mountains and the desert, to die at the hands of Tikal, but know that he will hold me faster dead than he did while he was alive, for into the valley of death I shall follow him swiftly."

Now at last the rage of Zibalbay broke loose, and it was terrible. Rising from his seat he shook his cienched hands above his daughter's head and

hands above his daughter's head and cursed her, till in her fear she shrank away from him to her lover's breast.

"As with my last breath," he cried, "I pray that the curse of your gods, of your country, of your ancestors, and of me, your father, may rest upon you and your children; may your desire turn to ashes in your mouth, and may death rob you of its fruit; may your heart break by inches for retworse and sorrow and your name become a hissing sorrow and your name become a hissing

neart break by inches for remorse and sorrow and your name become a hissing and a shame—"

He paused, gasping for breath, and Maya fell at his knees solbing: "Oh! father, unsay those words and spare father, unsay those words and me. Have you no pity for a woman's

"Ah!" he said, "so much pity as you have for my sorrows and gray hair. Why should I spare you, girl, who have not spared your father? My curse is spoken, and I will add this to it, that it shall break your heart at last, ay, and the heart of that man who has robbed

me of your duty and your love. Then he suddenly ceased speaking, his eyes grew empty, he stretched o

Woolen Trade Prospects.

As a record of the condition of the

beset me. Fikul, it shall be as you wish, an live will siverar our peace upon the allar of the Heart. Doubless there will be brouble with Martal and same of the following, but it we shall tagether they can be oversome."

"Year mardon, Zibulius," I interrapted: "the Lady Maya has not specified this country had closed down, and others were closing steadily. On the other providence was here last week, and in conver-sation stated that about 33 per cent, of the woolen milts of this country had closed down, and others were closing steadily. On the other hand, the mills in Leeds and Manchester, Encland, according to his reports, are working

hight and day.

He is also a director in a railroad in the He is also a director in a rational in the southwest, and says that one of the principal returns the railroad is getting how is from hauling sheep from New Mexice to Kansas City and Chicago for slaughter bouses. Wood which has been bringing sixteen cents a pound can be sold now for only six cents, and there is now no profit to the farmer in keeping his sheen.

True Democratic Policy.

There is no dodging the fact that any policy, no matter by what name it is known, that closes the factories of the country, that destroys our great industries, that robs the laborer of employment and fills the country with a vast army of unemployed men and women who have no means of livelihood, that robs the farmer of his market, that robs the people of confidence, that disturbs business and fills the people with want, misery and despair, is an un-American and unpatriotic policy. -Standard, Ogden, Utah.

Another Free Trade Trust.

In spite of the fact that the duties on window glass have been reduced nearly one-half by the provisions of the new tariff, the manufacturers have formed a trust. The trust has already advanced prices nearly 18 per cent. another advance of 5 per cent, is likely to follow. What becomes of the argu ment that a protective tariff fosters trusts, and that a revision of duties according to democratic ideas would be a death blow to such combinations?-Troy Daily Times.

"The Greatest Service."

One of those men who say something which they had better left unsaid addressed the late Rev. Charles Spurgeon as he was passing out of church, Grasping the preacher by the hand the man said: "I see you have forgotten me, sir; and yet you once did me the greatest service that a clergyman can render to anybody." "What service was that?" asked

Spurgeon. "You buried my wife, sir," replied the man, his eyes suffused with tears. WAR REMINISCENCES.

REVICTUALING VICKSBURG. A Great Scheme to Shoot Hard-Tack Into

the Besieged City. Maj. Thomas Q. Farquhar, of Anniston, Ala., on a visit to Buffalo receatly told a humorous story of the war. During the siege of Vicksburg he was in command of a confederate regiment outside of Gen. Grant's lines. "We had plenty of food," he said. "It was a fertile territory that we had to draw from and there was no difficulty in getting enough to cat. We intercepted poorly guarded supply train of the Yanks and had enough to feed a regiment for a month stored right in our little camp. In spite of Yankee vigilance, spies would now and then steal out of the city and we saw and talked with several of them. Each had a pitiful story to tell of how the inhabitants of Vicksburg suffered for food, and we ransacked our brains to devise some means of sending them a portion of our plenty.

"An old negro who was acting as a gunner under me was the one to sug-gest what looked at first like a feasible plan. His idea was to load supplies into four cannons which we had and fire them boldly over the heads of the Yankees into the city itself. It was a great idea and after some study we de cided that it was worth while making the experiment. The supplies which we had captured consisted of hardtack in tins that would go into gum like grapeshot, and we calculated that by giving them plenty of elevation we could send the food directly into the city, where even such morsels would be welcome. I was in command of the detachment and gave my consent to what an older and more experienced officer would probably have frowned upon as being contrary to all rules of

"Next morning at sunrise we loaded the guns. We put a plentiful charge of powder in each and then rammed home as many cans of hard-tack as would equal in weight an ordinary cannon ball, and that was not a great many, I assure you. In one of the we put four cans of tomatoes. This we considered an experiment, as we had little hope that such fluid stuff would survive the impact of falling in the city, but it was worth trying. We pointed the guns and just before the



"I'M KILLED! I'M KILLED!"

lanyard of the first was pulled the old of smoke and able to see where our blade or sail, in such a manner that novel shot struck.

the one we had loaded with tonzioes. and ingenious attachment rocks these. The gunner pulled the lanyard, there shafts and automatically raises and was a roar and a pull of smoke that ob- lowers the blades, according to the rehill toward us our old negro, covered oars are. from head to foot with what looked An important feature of the latter like blood, while he waved his arms wind engine is that he has provided wildly and shricked: 'I'm killed! I'm for the storage of power. The force killed! Oh, Lord! have massy on my developed by his machine operates so soul!' We were alarmed and ran down as to lift a heavily weighted platform. toward him. He still screamed and Any expenditure of this force tends shricked and fell down in a faint as he to lower the burden. Elevation of the saw us. We rushed up to him and every latter to its full height involves about man of us burst into a laugh that would half a day's work. Grist mills, pumps have waked the dead. It roused old dynamos and other mechanical or elecshricked the louder when he saw our engine for power can be run for a few apparently inhuman levity. As soon ve were able to speak or move we picked the old negro up, stood him on his feet to assure him that he was still Tribune. alive and then ordered him to scrape the tomatoes off himself. He was the most thoroughly bedaubed specimen I You see, the heat of the disever saw. charge of the cannon melted the solder in the tomato cans and they had simply dropped to pieces on leaving the gun, while their contents had propelled just far enough down the hill to spatter all over the old negro." The major paused and chuckled again. "How did the hard-tack work?"

asked the reporter. "We didn't get a chance to try it." was the reply. "The Yanks, thinking that we were about to bombard them "The Yanks, thinking from the rear, started up the hill after us, and as there would have been no use in making any resistance against a superior force we spiked the guns and retreated. What they thought when they found the hard-tack in them I never learned, but I suppose it only confirmed their idea that we were go ing to attack them."-Buffalo Express.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, the confederate commander, now dead, used to relate that in the hottest part of one of the early battles of the civil war he felt his coat-tails pulled. Turn ing about he recognized a young man who had been employed in his tobae co factory previous to enlistment. Why are you not in your place fighting?" the general demanded, angrily. "Why, I just wanted to tell you that, if you don't mind, I reckon I will take my day off to-day."

A norse which Gen. John Morgan rode in his famous ride in 1862, died near Versailles. Ky., a few days ago. Morgan rode the horse into Versaillee and left it there, taking in its place a fine mare. The horse was, when it died, more than 37 years old.



WINDMILL NOVELTIES.

Iwo Recent Attempts to Improve on the

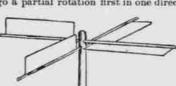
Prevailing Styles.

The use of windmills for developing ower in the rural districts is steadily increasing, and much thought is now being given to the possible improvement of existing designs. Herewith we rudely indicate the principles of two recent inventions. Dr. H. M. Shaw, of Genoa, N. Y., would have four horizon tal arms of frames, to each of which he would attach, by hinges, one or more vertical sails, either entirely flat or made of slats, shutter fashion, whose angle with a perpendicular could be varied. The first diagram gives an idea of this plan. The solid arrow shows



the direction of the wind, and the dotted one the direction of rotation. It will be seen that as each set of sails come into the right position for work they slow down gently against the arm which supports them and carry it with them half way around the cir cle. The wind then penetrates under the free lateral edge of each and swings them all out backward, so that they offer no resistance as the arm comes up into the wind again. As yet, Dr. Shaw has not yet completed his model, but he believes that there will be no serious slamming as the sails suddenly swing back. Should there be trouble of this kind, however, he would interpose spring buffers to lessen the noise and destructive action consequent upon the battering of his shutters. An automatic regulator, not represented here, throws the sails out of action in a

Another device, patented by a carpenter of Topeka, Kan., also has sails revolving in a horizontal plane, and is provided with means for keeping their edges to the wind when moving against the latter. Through a vertical shaft (which conveys the power obtained down to suitable transmitting mechanism) he runs two horizontal shafts, at right angles with each other. These shafts are arranged to rock, or undergo a partial rotation first in one direc-



negro gunner ran a few rods down the tion and then in the other. To each till, where he would be below the line half of a shaft is rigidly secured a when one of the pair stands upright "The first gun fired happened to be the other will be lying down. A simple scured our sight for an instant, then it | quirements of the service. The sails blew away and we saw running up the are "feathered" as a skillful boatman's

who opened his eyes and trical devices dependent on the wind hours during a calm if the storage platform has been previously raised to the top notch, say, during the night.-N. Y.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Lime on dry soils will show its effect at once and one application will show for years.

It is worth while to take extra pains to keep the rats out of the corn crib. It is a good plan to nail projecting tin around the edges.

Irrigation is to be the salvation of farming in those regions where drought is the rule, and the sooner it is made available the better.

Whether to burn over the stubble or not before plowing is a question that is asked. If in a region where there is enough rain to rot the stubble there is no need of burning, except to kill insects. Where there is not enough rain to do this it should be burned.

 Λ St. Louis paper thinks that the corn erop has been over-estimated to the extent of 600,000,000 bushels. That is a pretty high figure, but that the crop been over-estimated we do not doubt. Crop reports are nearly always exaggerated to keep prices down. potato crop is also over-estimated in our judgment.-Farmers' Voice.

The Need of Potash.

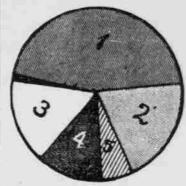
No doubt it is true that potash is the great need of the soils where tobacco culture has been the main erop for years. The stone fruits, especially the peach, seem to derive the greatest benefit from its use. This is especially true when the orehard is on sandy land. Potash in the form of hard wood, fresh ashes, or a liberal application of kainit or other potash salts, aids materially in keeping the trees in such a healthy condition that they are undoubtedly less liable to be attacked by the yellows, or other diseases of a similar character.

CROPS OF AMERICA.

Fruit Culture Is Still in Its Infancy in the United States.

Green's Fruit Grower publishes the ecompanying diagram of the present division of the lands of the United States between unproductiveness and certain staple crops. No. 1 shows the proportion of waste land; No. 2, "the various spring crops, such as oats, barley, flax, buckwheat and other crops than those named on the map;" No. 3, wheat; No. 4, corn; No. 5, cotton (but the editor suspects that this may have been drawn too large); and the sector between Nos. 1 and 3, fruit. Our contemporary adds:

This shows at a glance that fruit culture in this country is in its infancy, for surely in a land famous the world



over for its success in every line of fruit culture, both north and south, east and west, the amount of land occant. It will need no prophet to foretell that in the years to come a much larger area in this country is to be devoted to fruit. But you ask: What are we to do with it? My reply is, that in the first place the population is increasing largely, and this will be one of the avenues of consumption; in the second place, our people will be led to consume much larger quantities as prices get within their reach; in the third place, we will adopt methods of canning and preserving not now known or not now practiced, by which our fruits can be consumed in every country in the world. At present the United States is supplied with dried fruits, such as raisins, figs, currants, prunes, largely from other countries. We are also importing largely lemons, oranges, pineapples, bananas and other

SWEET POTATOES.

How to Keep Them in Perfect Condition Through the Winter. The following method I have found to keep sweet potatoes in perfect or-der until June. Procure a good supply of pine straw from the woods in a dry time and keep it under cover ready for use. Dig the potatoes as soon as frost cuts the vines. If not convenient to dig at once cut the frosted vines off at once, or they will harbor fungous growth that will damage the potatoes. Dig on a warm, sunny day; lay the potatoes along the row as dug; and do not allow them to be bruised by throwing into piles. Handle at all times as gently as eggs. Allow them to lie in the sun during the day, and in the evening haul to a convenient place. Place a good layer a foot thick of pine straw on the ground, and on this pile the potatoes in steep heaps, not over twenty-five bushels in a pile; cover the piles thickly all over with the dry pine straw; now build a rough board shed over the piles, and let them remain until the weather grows colder, or until they have gone through a swent and dried off. Then cover the heaps with earth six or eight inches thick and beat smooth. The important points are the sweating under the previous cover of the pine straw before covering with earth, very carefully handling, and the board cover overhead. Dry earth keeps out more cold than wet earth. If for family use, put in smaller piles and take up an entire heap at once for use, keeping them in a dry, warm place while using - W. F. Massey, North Carolina Experimental

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Run the sprouts off the trees before they become tough.

KEEP the soil well worked around the peach trees to make them grow. PEACH and plum trees are less liable to disease when growing in a poultry

UNLEACHED hardwood ashes are unequaled as a fertilizer for grass lands and lawns. Potatoes are often seriously injured

by being allowed to remain in the sun too long. THERE is no work on the farm worth

so much as that done in the garden and orchard. Ir from any cause it is considered

best to remove a large limb, cover the wound with paint. ANYTHING in the nature of a lye will

destroy the apple tree borers before they penetrate the bark. A small, thrifty tree with vigorous roots, when set out, will make a good

tree sooner than a large one with mutilated roots. KEEP an eye to the future shape of the tree and timely remove needles, crossing or crooked I'mbs, and

in this way avoid severe pruning later A TIGHT sod around growing trees does not give them a proper chance to develop. This is especially the case with peach trees. Keep the sod loose close up around the trunk .- St. Louis

Republic The Preservation of Fruit.

After sound fruit of the right varieties is obtained, the essentials for preservation are a temperature only a few degrees above the freezing point, even and not subject to charge, with pure air, not too dry. These conditions are to be had rarely outside of a house built for the purpose. And one thing is especially to be kept in mind: Fruits will not keep long in good condition after having been in such a room any considerable length of time. - Farmers'